

The lessons are done, and the prizes won,  
And the counted weeks are past;  
Oh, the holiday joys of the girls and boys  
Who are "Home to-night" at last!  
Oh, the ringing beat of the springing feet,  
As into the hall they rush!  
Oh the tender bliss of the first home kiss,  
With its moment of fervent hush;  
So much to tell and hear as well  
As they gather round the glow!  
Who would not part, for the joy of heart  
That only parted can know—  
At home to-night!

But all have not met: there are travelers yet  
Speeding along through the dark,  
By tunnel and bridge, past river and ridge,  
To the distant yet nearing mark.  
But hearts are warm, for the winter storm  
Has never a chill for love;  
And faces are bright in the flickering light  
Of the small dim light above.  
And voices of gladness rise over the madness  
Of the whirl and the rush and the roar;  
For rapid and strong, it bears them along  
To a home and an open door.  
Yes, Home to-night!  
Oh, Home to-night! yes, Home to-night!  
Through the peary gate and the open door  
Some happy feet on the golden street  
Are entering now, to "go out no more."  
For the work is done, and the rest begun,  
And the training time is for ever past;  
And the home of rest in the mansion blest  
Is safely, joyously reached at last.  
Oh the love and light that Home to-night  
Oh the songs of bliss and the harp of gold;  
Oh the glory shed on the new-crowned head;  
Oh the telling of love that can ne'er be told!  
Oh the welcome that waits at the shining gates,  
For those who are following far, yet near:  
When all shall meet at His glorious feet  
In the light and the love of His home so dear!  
Yes, "Home to-night!"  
—Francis R. Havergal.

#### THE BOOK-KEEPER'S FRAUD.

I, William Wilder, was in ecstasies,  
I danced and jumped as if I were a lunatic;  
and well I might, for I had been  
out of employment for over a year, and  
now I had received a position as collector  
for Dobson & Co., wholesale grocers and  
commission merchants, which would pay  
me a salary of fifty dollars a month.  
As I had nobody but myself to look after,  
I could manage to scrape through the  
month and have a few dollars for pocket money.

My desk stood in the front part of the  
store, and when my pen was not galloping  
along the lines of my paper, or flashing  
up formidable columns of figures,  
which told the story of profits for Dobson  
& Co., I had a very fine view of that  
portion of the street fronting the store.  
One rainy day I had nothing to do—col-  
lectors never do on rainy days—I had  
scribbled my name on scraps of paper lying  
loosely around, and my desk gleamed  
with "William Wilder," "W. Wilder,"  
"William Wilder, Esq.," "Mr. Wilder,"  
in every style of penmanship. I had  
just plunged my pen into the ink to write  
"William" with a scientific flourish, when  
I heard the voice of my employer calling  
me from his private office. I was sur-  
prised at this, as he had never done this  
before; could it be that I was about to be  
discharged? What he had to say was  
said quickly. I was elevated to a higher  
position and salary. I could not find  
words to express my gratitude, but I mut-  
tered something, and went back to my  
desk. I sat there for some time building  
castles, and my mind was soon confused.  
"Lannigan & Co.'s Three cases hams"  
was suddenly bawled remorselessly into  
my ears, and my brain worked itself back  
to business.

At intervals, however, and through  
the day, I was conscious of a disturbed  
condition of my local atmosphere. I was  
thinking of the next position to mine,  
book-keeper. I certainly never would  
be elevated to that position, as I did not  
know the first thing in that branch.  
Could I not study it? The thought gave  
me courage, and I determined to enter a  
business college and learn the art. I  
told my plans to the book-keeper; he  
had retained the position for years—had  
been with them from an early day, and  
had charge of all the office business and  
finances of the concern. I had never  
fancied him much. There was a certain  
reserve in his manner which had often  
chilled me, and he was extremely "puffed  
up" with his lofty position, rarely deign-  
ing to notice me or any of the other clerks.  
I often assisted him in making calcula-  
tions, or adding up the columns of fig-  
ures which he gave me, and for such ser-  
vice he would reward me with a bunch of  
cigarettes; but even then he seldom said  
a word to me.

Through my occasional sojourns in his  
office, I became somewhat familiar with  
his duties, and learned that he had full  
power of attorney for the house, signed  
the firm's name to bank checks and other  
important documents. The two part-  
ners, Messrs. Dobson & Morrissey, were  
men entirely unacquainted with the mys-  
teries of book-keeping. They had started  
in business on a small scale, with a  
small capital, keeping no books. But  
their business, in a few years, increased  
to such a great extent that they found it  
impossible to dispense with a book-keep-  
er, so they secured the services of Mr.  
Baker, who came to them well recom-  
mended, and, finding things rather con-  
fused, he proceeded to make a thorough  
reconstruction. In a few months he pre-  
sented to the well-pleased eyes of Dob-  
son & Co. a splendid set of books, kept  
in the most approved style of single en-  
try, and at the end of the year he drew  
up a carefully arranged balance sheet,  
which specified to a cent the profits they  
had made. Baker had more to say than  
either of the partners. "Go to Baker  
and talk with him," was an expression  
constantly made by them. It was de-  
lightful for them to have a man upon  
whom they could so implicitly rely.

I had often wished to know to what  
extent Baker was compensated for his  
services. I thought his salary must be  
large, from the manner in which he  
dressed and lived. I often saw him dine  
at Delmonico's, or drive up and down  
Fifth avenue with the finest span of

# The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME V.

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horses I ever wished to see. All this  
sort of thing consumed money, and no  
small amount, either. Whenever I wrote  
to the theatre Baker was there in a pri-  
vate box with ladies, and he frequently  
came out of some large store on Canal  
street with large parcels.

One day—it was the first of the month  
I went into his office to receive my  
—salary, and, while there, some one  
called him; he stepped out to see who it  
was. I glanced at an entry he had just  
made: "Thomas Baker, one month's sal-  
ary, \$125."

"He can't live on that, with the way  
in which he spends his money," I said to  
myself. "He must have a private in-  
come."

I never gave this subject any further  
thought after that day, but went to learn  
book-keeping. I applied myself to it  
diligently, and at the end of six months  
I could manage a set of books as readily  
as a competent book-keeper. I plodded  
faithfully along in my position, hoping  
that some day or other I should become a  
book-keeper.

One day Mr. Everett, of the firm of  
Everett & Co., stood near my desk, talk-  
ing to Mr. Dobson. I overheard, un-  
intentionally, a portion of the conversa-  
tion.

"Mr. Dobson, what do you pay your  
book-keeper?"

"Fifteen hundred a year."

"Has he the power of attorney?"

"Yes; he signs our checks, and has  
complete charge of our finances. Why  
do you ask?"

"Because I thought his salary was  
very large, judging from the way he is  
spending money. I think he spends a  
great deal more than you give him. Take  
my advice, Mr. Dobson, and examine  
your books."

The rest I did not hear, as I was called  
to another part of the store.

About a week after this conversation,  
recorded above, Mr. Dobson came to my  
desk and said:

"Wilder, are you able to run over ac-  
counts and papers?"

"Perfectly, sir; and I also understand  
book-keeping," I replied, thinking that  
I was about to be elevated, and wishing  
to let him know what I knew.

"Well, I am very glad; come down  
here after dinner, this evening. I want  
you for something."

I got to the store that evening very  
early, not giving myself much time to  
eat dinner. I found Mr. Dobson there  
before me.

"I want to make an examination of  
Mr. Baker's books; I am not acquainted  
with book-keeping. I watched you and  
found you to be very energetic, and saw  
Mr. Baker often calling upon you for  
assistance. A friend of mine has con-  
vinced me that I should keep track of  
my own business. Baker is in the office  
now. He came in here just as I was  
turning the corner. I do not know what  
brings him back. I saw him enter with  
a man. Now, I wish to see what he is  
doing. I will open the door softly, and  
we will go back and listen."

We entered noiselessly. All was dark  
and gloomy, save a single gas light in the  
book-keeper's office. We approached the  
office; the door was partly open, and we  
heard the following conversation:

"I must have the money, Baker; you  
promised it to me the first. If it is not  
paid I will see the firm."

"Can't you wait till the first of next  
month?"

"No, I will not."  
"Well, I will give you the money;  
here's a check for \$400. Here—receipt  
your bill, and make yourself scarce."

The man went out, followed by Baker,  
who unlocked and locked the doors. He  
returned again to the office, lit another  
burner, and wrote for some minutes.  
He soon got through, thrust a paper into  
a spindle, and put the books in the safe,  
slamming it with a deafening noise.

"I am through with him, anyhow;  
I must figure sharp; too many of these  
things on file."

We heard him say these words to  
himself. In another minute the gas was  
turned off, and he went out.

We waited a few moments, to make  
sure that he would not return, then en-  
tered the office, lit the gas, and were  
soon ready for work. Mr. Dobson had  
duplicate keys of the safe, so he soon had  
the books out. I suggested to him to  
check the bills with the check-book. He  
opened the book, and glancing at the  
stubs, said:

"What does this mean? Here's a  
stub for \$400—just the check he gave  
that man, and charged Stephens & Co.  
the same amount—their bill for fifty  
barrels of flour. This is impossible;  
I haven't bought a barrel of flour of them  
this month, and I am certain Mr. Mor-  
rissey has not."

I had been looking for the bill-book,  
and, having found it, my hand touched  
the bill of flour from Stephens & Co., dated  
the first of the month.

"Here's the bill," I said, regularly re-  
ceipted.

"Let us see if there are any more of  
them," said Mr. Dobson.

We soon discovered several bills of  
that firm, and entries in the check-book  
to correspond.

"These bills are frauds," said Mr. Dob-  
son. "To-morrow I shall see Stephens  
& Co., and unearth this devilry. Why

it never struck me that the thing could  
be worked in this style. The fellow has  
been stealing thousands from us. Had  
it not been for our eavesdropping,  
we would never have discovered these  
frauds, as he has managed everything  
with reference to external scrutiny."

The next day the bills were taken to  
Stephens & Co., by Mr. Dobson, who  
immediately pronounced them forged.  
The writing was exactly like  
their bill-clerks; the bill heads were  
theirs.

Mr. Dobson's partner was fully ad-  
vised of the discovery; he was terribly  
enraged. Now to ensnare Baker was the  
next thing.

A few days after Baker was presented  
with a statement from Stephens & Co.,  
with a request to examine it.

"That has been paid long ago," he  
said.

"I want to see the account," said Mr.  
Dobson. "I am going to look more into  
these matters than I have been doing.  
Mr. Wilder will help you."

I expressed my willingness. Baker  
ran over the leaves of his ledger till he  
came to Stephens & Co.'s page, and then  
said:

"Examine the accounts for yourself."

It was all right. The accounts were  
checked up to a nicety, and Baker said:

"Are you through? Mr. Dobson, I  
do not need any assistance from this  
young man."

"How do you account for this stub in  
your check book, Mr. Baker?" said Mr.  
Dobson; "and this—and this—Stephens  
& Co., over and over again, bills for flour  
we never got, which they themselves de-  
clare to be forgeries? Since you cannot  
explain these figures I pronounce you a  
scoundrel and a swindler."

Baker turned as pale as death and  
leaned heavily upon his desk, and then  
looked at Mr. Dobson with a fearful  
eye. He sprang to the safe and grasped  
a knife which lay there, and looked at  
me, hissing between his teeth:

"You cursed imp, you told it! Take  
that!"

He made a plunge at me with the  
knife, but I stepped aside with such  
quickness that it did no damage. Mr.  
Dobson leaped upon him; he then turned  
the knife upon himself and plunged it  
into his heart. It was a sickening sight.  
I hid my face from it.

"That winds up the affair," said Mr.  
Dobson, as he looked upon the prostrate  
form.

The whole establishment had thronged  
to the scene; business being disarranged  
for the day, the store was closed.

Before I left the store the two part-  
ners took me aside and I told me, if I  
thought I was capable, I could take  
Baker's place.

"If we see that you are capable of  
conducting the business we will give you  
a yearly salary of two thousand dollars.  
We wish you to keep everything in order,  
so that we may easily examine your  
books for reference when necessary."

I thanked them, and said I would use  
my best endeavors to keep the books in  
order.

I entered upon my duties the next  
day, and succeeded in pleasing my em-  
ployers. To-day I run the entire busi-  
ness, and my employers have promised to  
take me into partnership next year.

This, reader, is my simple story, which  
is no romance, but a true tale, though  
the incidents were kept secret, none  
ever knowing why Mr. Baker committed  
suicide.

#### Arab Horse Maxims.

Let your colt be domesticated and live  
with you from his tenderest age, and  
when a horse he will be simple, docile,  
faithful, and inured to hardship and fa-  
tigue.

If you have your horse to serve you  
on the day of trial, if you desire him to  
be a horse of truth, make him sober, ac-  
customed to hard work, and inaccessible  
to fear.

Do not beat your horses, nor speak to  
them in a loud tone of voice; do not be  
angry with them, but kindly reprove  
their faults; they will do better here-  
after, for they understand the language  
of man and its meaning.

If you have a long day's journey be-  
fore you, spare your horse at the start;  
let him frequently walk to recover his  
wind. Continue this until he has sweat-  
ed and dried three times, and you may  
ask of him whatever you please he will  
not leave you in difficulty.

Use your horse as you do your leather  
bootle; if you open it gently and gradu-  
ally you can easily control the water with-  
in, but if you open it suddenly the water  
escapes at once, and nothing remains to  
quench your thirst.

Observe your horse when he is drink-  
ing. If in bringing down his head he  
remains square, without bending his  
limbs, he possesses sterling qualities, and  
all parts are built symmetrically.

Four things he must have broad—  
front, chest, loins and limbs; four things  
long—neck, breast, forearm and croup;  
four things short—pasterns, back, ears  
and tail.

At the late session in Charleston,  
the South Carolina Annual Conference  
passed a resolution forbidding Metho-  
dist ministers attending circuses.

#### How Miss Duane Lost Her Best Customer.

"I declare, mamma I am completely  
disheartened!" was the exclamation of  
pretty Nannie Bristow, as she returned  
from a hurried walk, one clear cold day  
in early December.

"Disheartened, Nannie, why?" and  
Mrs. Bristow raised her eyes to her daugh-  
ter's face as she stood by the table, idly  
toying with her ruff and striving to keep  
back the tears that threatened every mo-  
ment to fall. "A long face, dear, for  
one who is expecting so much enjoyment.  
I really believe if Aunt Ethel were not  
here you would cry."

"Enjoyment! that is just it, mamma!  
I can't have any pleasures at all; I must  
either stay at home or wear my old clothes,  
and that I won't do," and here the threat-  
ened shower began to fall from Nannie's  
eyes. "Miss Duane is just overrun with  
work. The Misses Fay are going to  
Beechwood for the holidays, and she has  
promised them that she will not even out  
a dress for any one until their work is  
completed, and I saw seven—no, nine  
dresses with skirts and saques, lying  
about. O, dear! what shall I do?"

"Let me into the secret, Nannie, and  
perhaps I can help you," broke in Aunt  
Ethel's cheerful voice, but Nannie had  
sunk upon a low seat at her mother's  
feet, and was really indulging in a hearty  
cry.

"I don't see much help for Nannie,"  
slowly said Mrs. Bristow. "You re-  
member we had but just returned from  
the city when you arrived last evening,  
where we had spent the day in making  
purchases for Nannie. Only the day  
previous she had received an urgent let-  
ter from a niece of her father's, request-  
ing that she should spend the holidays  
with them. Ellen, the eldest daughter,  
is to be married, and wishes her sister  
and Nannie to act as bridesmaids. The  
wedding was not expected to take place  
until spring, but for some reason the  
time has been changed to Christmas  
Eve."

"Then, this Miss Duane is a dress-  
maker? Is there no other in town?"  
asked Aunt Ethel, as Mrs. Bristow  
paused.

"Yes, two more, but they are simply  
worthless. Miss Edgar, whose styles  
never change, and Mrs. Stearns, who  
ruined a nice silk dress for us by its ill  
fit."

"Don't despair yet, Nannie; you have  
nimble fingers and a good sewing ma-  
chine. Christmas is three weeks off,  
reliable paper patterns are numerous."

"Paper patterns! yes!" and Nannie's  
face was raised from the handker-  
chief, and looked the contempt her voice  
could hardly be trusted to speak.

"I beg of you, Ethel, not to mention  
paper patterns, for the only real merit I  
know of their possessing is the sure  
cause they are of spoiling both temper  
and cloth."

"That is not my experience," was  
Aunt Ethel's rejoinder. "Did you not  
arrive the traveling dress I wore on my  
arrival?"

"Yes, Auntie; and I thought then, if  
only I could have your dressmaker!"

"Well, my dear, you can. She is at  
your service."

"Why, Auntie, she wouldn't come two  
hundred miles!"

"Willingly. Five thousand, if desired."

"But Auntie, I don't understand—"

"though I do admire the neat and taste-  
ful house-dress you are wearing."

"What experience have you had with  
paper patterns?" queried Aunt Ethel ad-  
dressing Mrs. Bristow.

"All I desire!" was that lady's hasty  
ejaculation. "First, I ruined, utterly  
ruined, a handsome merino for Nannie,  
by using those obnoxious paper patterns,  
which are warranted to save dressmaker's  
big bills. Then Miss Duane cut me a  
sacque by one, which I proudly wore to  
the city, expecting many compliments on  
the fashionable, dressy cut of my new  
garment, but strange to say, I received  
none. At last my pride could bear it no  
longer, and I appealed to a friend to  
know if it was not neat and becoming.  
Imagine my surprise and disgust when  
she informed me that she 'rather liked  
the style when it was fashionable—in  
fact, she herself, had one like it two years  
previous.' The only reply I received to  
my protestations, that she must be mis-  
taken, as it was a pattern taken from  
somebody's fall and winter catalogue for  
that year, was that some of those paper  
patterns were standard fashions."

"So they are. Some, not all," inter-  
posed Aunt Ethel.

"And mamma," said Nannie, "do you  
remember Bridget's overskirt? Bridget,  
our second girl, is quite a neat seamstress  
—for ordinary sewing, I mean, of course.  
Somewhere she heard of these paper  
patterns, and bought one of an overskirt.  
The first we knew of it, she came to the  
parlor door one evening to ask mamma  
if she was very busy, saying, 'I beg par-  
don, mamma, for my forrardness, but I've  
got a queer thing here, cut just by the  
pattern, but I can't put it together in no  
shape at all, mum.' Oh, Auntie! it was  
just fun to see the 'quare thing,' though  
I was sorry enough for poor Bridget,  
who had 'done just as the print on the  
pattern told her.' The overskirt was to  
be in five pieces, and she had 'cut 'em

just so, but how them five pieces ever wint  
together, 'twuz more'n any poor craythur  
like her could tell.' Why, the pattern  
looked no more like the cut in the book,  
than anything in the world."

"Very likely, it was not like it."

"But they claim to import all of these  
patterns."

"That is mostly nonsense. There are  
none of those paper patterns that are  
everywhere offered for sale, or that dress-  
makers usually keep on hand, that are  
either imported or fashionable. They are  
simply 'non-descript,' as some one has  
aptly remarked, or as the makers them-  
selves put it, they are 'designed,'—to  
imitate the wood cuts which have ap-  
peared in foreign periodicals several  
months previous. Why, a friend of mine  
from New York said the other day that  
no one there ever supposes for a moment  
that the 'Paper Fashions,' or the so called  
'Reliable Paper Patterns' issued and sold  
all over the country are fashionable, and  
that these patterns are seldom bought in  
New York, except by poor people or by  
those who are not all careful about their  
style of dressing."

"Why, Aunt Ethel, and you advise  
me to have my nice, new dresses made  
by such as these?"

"Not at all, my dear; neither do I  
advise that you take the old styles of two  
years back, as did your mother. Do you  
think, Nannie, that you would like my  
dress-maker? If so I will get her for  
you," and Aunt Ethel rose from her  
chair.

"What, to-day, Aunt Ethel?"

"Yes, to-day, Nannie. Wait and I  
will show her to you," and Aunt Ethel's  
trim figure tripped across the room and  
out into the hall, but to soon return with  
the laughing exclamation, "Here she is,  
Nannie," now examine her and see if  
she will suit."

"What, rolls of tissue paper and some  
magazines?"

"More than that. See here! and un-  
rolling one of the small paper bundles,  
Aunt Ethel held up her own traveling  
dress, in miniature.

Nannie greeted it with a laugh. "Oh,  
Auntie!" she exclaimed, "are you intend-  
ing to set up for a Jenny Wren, a doll's  
dress-maker, or what is it?"

"It is a part of my 'Dress-Maker,'  
which I promised to show you. If poor  
Bridget had had one of these little Cloth  
Models to accompany her overskirt pat-  
tern, the 'quare thing' could easily have  
been put together. Just notice, Nannie,  
—oh! here is the cloth model of the  
dress I have on, and we will compare the  
two. Do you notice that every fold,  
pleat, and gather in my dress, exactly  
corresponds with those in this little mod-  
el? I will give you leave to forget your  
good breeding, Nannie, and examine my  
dress as critically as you would like, and  
to ask even a whole host of questions."

"I suppose the like liberty is extended to  
me," said Mrs. Bristow, taking the  
model from her daughter's hand. "Now  
Nannie, we will just consider Aunt  
Ethel a lay figure, pull her about all we  
wish to, and make as many disagreeable  
comments as we choose."

"Ah, but you won't choose; the whole  
thing is perfect," exclaimed Aunt Ethel.

"Hush, lay figures don't talk," was  
Mrs. Bristow's laughing reply. "This  
skirt is looped very gracefully, Nannie.  
I wonder where she got her idea?"

"Lay figures don't have ideas, mamma.  
But see, this little doll's dress is looped  
just like it."

"That's a fact," commented Mrs. Bris-  
tow, after a careful scrutiny of the model.  
"This puffing look rather intricate," she  
continued.

"No, but see, mamma, it is just the  
same here," and the model was again held  
up for inspection. "I see how it is to be  
done, don't you?"

"I believe I do!" was Mrs. Bristow's  
exclamation, after a moment's study of  
it. "Why, how very plain and simple  
this renders even the making a dressy  
suit. It is as Auntie says, 'Every fold,  
pleat and gather is right as it should be.'  
Why, any one can make their dresses  
with these patterns, I really believe; so  
cheer up, Nannie; and Ethel, you may  
stop playing lay figure, and resume your  
easy chair, on condition you enlighten us  
concerning these wonders."

"First let me tell you how I came to  
use these paper patterns. After my  
return from the continent, three years  
ago, I followed the fashion of many  
American ladies of means—of ordering  
from Paris an occasional extra nice dress  
of latest style. I had noticed Mrs.  
Lane, a friend of mine, wearing a cash-  
mere of unusual elegance and beauty for  
about three months when I received my  
last new silk direct from headquarters.  
Imagine my disgust when I saw that it  
was an exact fac simile of Mrs. Lane's  
cashmere. I knew that although as a  
family they dressed elegantly and fash-  
ionably, that they had not the means to  
have dresses imported; besides, had they,  
there was no reason why she should have  
a new fashion sooner than I. So I called  
upon her, and with a few well-timed com-  
pliments and remarks elicited from her  
the information that she made all her  
own and her children's clothing with the  
aid of A. Burdette Smith's paper patterns,  
every one of which is accompanied by a  
cloth model, and instructions given in full  
in his Fashion Magazine.

"I was rather incredulous, but as I was

to be in New York the next week, I  
took down the number of his store, 914  
Broadway, and called in there. I also  
went to the leading houses that import  
fashions, such as 'Importers of Ready-made  
Suits,' but found that not one of them  
had a single style 'just out' in their store,  
that Mr. Smith had not been furnishing  
patterns of from two to three months at  
least. Fearing a failure, I yet pur-  
chased materials and patterns of Mr.  
Smith for several garments, and on my  
return home commenced their manufac-  
ture. His magazine I found just replete  
with information concerning precisely  
what I needed to know. Why, Nannie,  
dear, the fancy work department alone  
would be worth to you three times the  
cost of a year's subscription, and if ever  
I was a little puzzled regarding the put-  
ting together of any article, this little  
treasure, the cloth model showed me how.  
I now do very little shopping for myself,  
except when I am in New York city, as  
by sending direct to Mr. Smith's pur-  
chasing department, I get exactly what  
I want, and at the most reasonable rates.

"One thing more, and then I am  
through. Have you ever heard me  
speak of Mrs. Hawley, a dear young  
friend of mine, who came to Camden to  
reside when she was first married, having  
previously lived in one of the Western  
States? She was so far from all her  
friends and so lonely, and really a sweet,  
childlike little woman, that I took a de-  
cided liking to her. On calling one  
morning I noticed she looked rather so-  
ber, and before I left she exclaimed, 'Oh,  
Miss Lynn, how I wish you had a dozen  
children, instead of being the dear, sweet,  
lovely old maid you are! I want to  
make some clothes for little stranger,  
and there is no one here whom I dare  
ask anything about it. Mamma will  
write me directions, but somehow I can't  
tell by them; I must see a thing to  
know how to do it.' I comforted her  
with promises of assistance from the 'old  
maid,' and going directly home, I looked  
over my never-failing guide, the maga-  
zine, in which I thought I had seen ad-  
vertised patterns for an infant's wardrobe,  
and sure enough I had. The next mail  
carried a dollar to Mr. Smith, and I had  
speedily returned to me patterns for a  
dozen different garments for a little one.  
The never-failing cloth model accompa-  
nied all, so Mrs. Hawley could see just  
how to make them, and I assure you that  
the prettiest dressed baby in all Camden  
is little Winnie Hawley.

"But there: have I talked long enough  
or shall I tell you of the half dozen chil-  
dren whom I propose to make happy,  
Christmas, by the gift of dolls and their  
wardrobes complete, made in the latest







## Our Homeless Lord.

BY ANGIE A. FULLER.

Foxes have their holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head.—St. Luke 9th, 58th.

Not where to lay Thy head, Messiah?  
The foxes have their holes for rest,  
The lion has his lair,—its dwelling;  
Thou art its home, the bird its nest;  
But Thou, the matchless King of Glory,  
While we can claim a downy bed,  
Worthy to be renowned in story,  
Hast thou not where to lay Thy head?

Not where to lay Thy head, Messiah?  
Surely the earth and rocks were proud  
To pillow Thee, and the blue heavens,  
In tender, pitying love were bowed  
To shelter Thee; and hosts of Angels  
Kept happy watch, and careful ward  
Over the spot whereon lay sleeping,  
Their friend, their brother, and their Lord.

Not where to lay Thy head, Messiah?  
Surely the very light and air  
That floated, and shone around Thee,  
Took on a tint, a freshness rare,  
Surely the night-birds song was softened,  
And beasts went by with awe-struck tread,  
While every living thing in Nature,  
Before Thee bowed the reverent head.

Not where to lay Thy head, Messiah?  
Oh! often as the night shall come,  
And we Thy latter-day disciples,  
Can claim a resting place, a home;  
If pains, or griefs, or troubles,  
Harden our pillow, or our bed,  
This thought shall move to meek submission,  
Thou hast not where to lay Thy head.

## Another Good Time Among Chicago Mutes.

The latest sensation among the mutes in our city was a party given by Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Holmes, of Clarendon Hills, a new village some twelve miles from the city limits.

The time set for the party, was Monday p. m., Jan. 3d, and the invitations included all the members of the Deaf-mute Society, most of whom accepted.

Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Barnum, with whom Mr. Holmes has frequently been a guest, could not accept, owing to the fact that Mr. B. had but recently recovered from a dangerous illness. Mr. N. Zimmermann, the very polite German member, and Mr. D. Sullivan, the gay Wisconsin boy, declined, because of reasons best known to themselves and their confidential friends.

As Mr. Holmes resides with his parents on the line of the Chicago, Quincy & Burlington R.R., only a few rods from the station, and as trains pass frequently through the day, all who chose to go were able to suit their own convenience about time. The first company, consisting of Professor Emery, Mr. and Mrs. David Boice, of Crystal Lake, formerly pupils of the New York Institution, and one other, started off shortly after three o'clock p. m., and by five were cozily chatting together in the comfortable parlor of our host. During the afternoon, about six others came, and at seven o'clock all gathered at the window fronting the station eager to count and comment upon the final arrivals, but to their great disappointment the crowd which they had expected to see hurrying from the train, did not put in an appearance, and the hungry ones began to hint that the supper would spoil while waiting for the tardy beaux and belles. But there was no help for it, and having settled upon that very philosophical conclusion, all we could do was to wait, and, if we chose, wonder why some people can never keep their engagements, even though the keeping requires no greater tax of energy than the eating of a good meal.

The two or three gentlemen, who had emerged from the anxiously-watched train, were now beset for explanations of the non-appearance of the merry ones, upon whom the amusements of the night mostly depended, for it was understood by all that the party was to be a case of

"All night, till broad daylight,  
And go home with the girls in the morning."

The explanation they gave was that all were duly aboard, but when the conductor was on his rounds he asked them if Mr. Holmes was expecting them, or if it was a surprise party? They had answered: "He expects us," and had requested him to tell them when the train reached Clarendon, but when the train stopped at the station, he did not say anything, and trusting his instead of their own eyes, they had kept their seats and were then journeying to the next station three miles further on, where they would probably be let off free, and permitted to tramp back through the mud, and while thus increasing their appetites, learn from the chilly evening wind as it swept over the prairies how aptly Illinois is called "The Prairie State."

They had scarcely finished their account, when the train which had entirely passed from sight, was seen backing down, (a thing not often done at that place), and Mr. Holmes who had been considerably disappointed and annoyed, when the train went on without increasing the number of his guests to the figure expected, hurried out to meet those that had been carried past, and demand what such movements and counter-movements meant.

His demands and the accusations of the other guests were met with emphatic protestations of innocence of any trick or joke, and after due consideration of their story all concluded that either the conductor forgot to tell them when to get off, or had perpetrated a fine joke upon Mr. Holmes.

When wrappings were disposed of and greetings exchanged, the pleasures of the evening began in good earnest. One of the first and most interesting employments was the examination of photographs, some of which were single in albums, others in groups, neatly framed, hanging here and there on the walls, representing pupils who were in Mr. Holmes' charge when he taught in the New York and Illinois Institutions, whom many of the guests could claim

as schoolmates and classmates. Some of those pictured faces carried us back ten, fifteen and eighteen years, and brought before our mind's eye our old institution home, with the dearly loved principal, matron and teachers, who kept us straight, and

"Taught our young ideas how to shoot."

They tell us our old school-home is much changed now—so much so by improvements that we would hardly recognize it. Perhaps the building would seem new, but we remember every inch of ground and each tree and shrub about the place too well not to recognize it, and although the foster father and mother of that home, have so changed that they can truthfully sing:

"I am growing old,  
Silver threads among the gold,"

yet we think we could recognize them even in a crowd in a foreign land. But we will leave these mental pictures for the paper ones before us. There in one of the groups sits consequential-looking Miss M., who to-day instead of being the wife of an obscure laborer, might have been the wife of a man of talent and energy, had she not set more value on a handsome face and graceful figure than on the treasures of the mind and heart; not far from her sits delicate little Eg-lantine who married the little boy who went to school only a year in advance of her and declared she was an angel the first time he saw her. And there in an album, is a true likeness of sweet Mrs. W., who was so faithful to her maternal duties that she wore herself out before her children were grown up, leaving her husband to care for them or find some one else to fill her place in his home. Here and there too in the groups, are boys and girls now men and women who are too selfish or fastidious to find a mate, and are likely to be lone-stars and wall-flowers all the rest of their days. Doubtless they have all changed since we last saw them. We ourselves have changed. In those days we were more credulous, sanguine and romantic, but not more contented, for during the long years that have passed since we said "good-by" to them all

Suffering has taught us patience,  
And patience has made us strong;  
To trust, though the day be dreary,  
Or the night be dark and long.

But pictures are like all other pretty or precious things—we tire of them and seek something else to keep up the current of mental excitement. So the pictures were laid aside or hung up, and games were played and stories told. One needed bright eyes to catch all the sallies of wit and humor that flashed on all sides like flying meteors, and to the praise of some who have these precious treasures, he said they did not in their merriest forget to console with those who during the rest of their days here below, must "see as through a glass darkly."

### THE SUPPER.

At 12 o'clock supper was announced. Prof. Emery and wife led the way down stairs to the table, followed by Mr. and Mrs. Boice, and younger couples filling up the lower seats. When all were seated and quiet, Prof. E. was called upon to invoke a blessing, which he did so briefly we could but think he would suit the old lady who having invited a company of ministers and educated persons to a party, was observed when all were seated at her well-filled board, anxiously looking around upon them. Being asked for whom she was looking, she replied: "I am looking for some one who can ask a blessing." The names of several of the most learned and devout ministers present were instantly proposed, but she successively declined them all saying, "He prays so long, and I don't want my victuals spoiled by waiting."

Grandpa superintended the carving and under his vigorous and skillful cutting the turkey was soon much reduced in size, all agreeing as they disposed of their portion that it was done to perfection. We can pay no higher compliment to the culinary ability of the ladies who prepared the supper than to say it was bountiful and very neatly served. Indeed so bountiful, so delicious were the many articles provided that the question, "Where is the doctor?" with which the jolly professor so puzzled our junior host, was not inappropriate.

When the appetites of all were satisfied, toasts were proposed. The Professor led off with, "Our senior host and hostess." Mrs. Emery responding, "May they never regret having lived to see the present day and company." Mr. Thomas followed with, "Our junior host and hostess." Miss Carrie Hathaway responding, "May the angels of love and peace ever hover near them." Mr. Christensen then proposed: "Our visitors—Mr. and Mrs. Boice." As Mr. B. has sometimes worked at putting up fruits and pickles, the response was, "May peace as well as fruits and pickles bless them in rich abundance." Mr. Kinyon then proposed: "The deaf and dumb." Miss Alta Levi, our famous little Jewess, responding, "May advance ever be their motto."

The company then retired to the parlor, giving the lone-stars, of whom there were several, a chance to form their own opinion of the good things, and when they were satisfied, the play of the morning began with an earnestness that exceeded the evening efforts to be gay, for the whole company retired to the lower part of the house, giving weary grandma and auntie a chance to rest, sleep being hardly possible with so many running back and forth.

Weak eyes sent us with them and as our ears are closed to all sound, we were permitted to wander awhile in the land of Nod, so we cannot testify from personal observation what was said or done, but judging from the quantity of candy we saw shortly after supper, and from the quantity of nutshells that remained in the morning, they had a sweet and rich as well as a merry time.

The seven and eight o'clock morning trains bore most of the company back to the city, to think in their homes, of faces and workshops of the pleasures

which were no longer matters of hope or speculation, but realities beyond alteration or recall forever more.

On entering the deserted parlor about 8 o'clock Tuesday morning, a feeling of loneliness came over us, and we found ourselves mentally repeating:

"I feel like one who treads alone,  
Some festal hall deserted,  
Whose lights are dead, whose hopes are flown,  
And all but him departed."

Arrangements had been made for us, with two others, to remain till late in the afternoon, so we turned from the parlor and the melancholy thoughts it had called up, and sought a more social-looking room down stairs.

This was not the first time we had been a guest in that pleasant home, receiving kind attentions from each member of the family. There, last November, we met the missionary, Mr. A. W. Mann, just after he had held services for the society. There, with tears in his eyes, he had told us of his wife then away in Virginia, visiting his mother. Some persons might have laughed at those tears, as proofs of softness or sentimentalism unworthy a man, but we could not laugh. To us those tears were sacred things—jewels rare and beautiful, which we would fain have caught and sent to the wife for whom they were shed, that she might have them set in finest gold, and wear them upon her bosom as perpetual reminders of her husband's love and constancy.

How many of us, when the missionary comes his rounds with his cheerful smile and pleasant words, think of the loneliness, and home longing that oppress him week after week, and month after month? How many of us appreciate fully the noble, self-sacrificing spirit which enables him to forsake so much, and bear so much that he may tell in our peculiar language the story of redeeming love, and point us again and again to Jesus, "The Strong to deliver and Mighty to save." Surely the best our homes can afford is not too good for him, and we should give it gladly, and do all we can for his comfort, even though his church creed be different from our own. It was while a guest in this same family that we saw Mr. Mann render in signs that very beautiful song beginning,

"Nearer my God to Thee."

Eternity only can reveal how many afflicted souls have been comforted and strengthened by those noble words to bear their cross with increased patience until the Father shall say, "It is enough, receive thy crown, white robe, and golden harp."

Although Clarendon is twelve miles from the city's limits, arrangements have been made by which Mr. and Mrs. Holmes can attend the meetings of the society whenever it suits their convenience, and as their influence among the members is good, all are well pleased, and will be glad to visit them again whenever Grandpa and Grandma Holmes are ready to endure another night of wakefulness, and have their house turned topsy turvey.

ANGIE A. FULLER.  
Chicago, Jan., 1876.

## Elmira Notes.

"Toll bells for the year that has fled;  
Toll sorrowful chimas at his bier;  
Then ring for the new in a jubilate strain,  
Ring bells for the happy New Year."

The old year of 1875 has died in old age, and this new year of 1876 is beginning in infancy. This year is the one hundredth anniversary of the declaration of independence, days which may with propriety be called the birthday of our country. We cannot withhold our joy that our nation has arrived at the one hundredth year of its existence, and is one of the most patriotic nations on the earth. Hurrah for our old flag! Let every man rejoice. Let the eagle scream everywhere. Let every cannon fire off. A great amount of noise in our country will be carried over the Atlantic ocean to the ears of the people in England, and make them remember that the United States are really independent and have got rid of the mother country. Many meetings here and there were held for the purpose of hearing centennial speeches made by eminent men.

There was a meeting held on New Year's afternoon, by the deaf-mutes who came from the neighboring towns in the Southern Tier, at the parlor of the Y. M. C. A., for the purpose of organizing a club which was called the "Deaf-mute Southern Tier Literary Club." The object of the organization is the social and literary improvement of its members. The meeting was called to order by Mr. George M. Lucas, of Oswego, who was subsequently elected President. The following are the remainder of the officers elected: Vice President, John Dougherty, of Watkins; Secretary, Fred H. King, of this city; Treasurer, M. L. Knapp, of Lawrence; Auditors, Joel Andrews, of Lawrence, and Alvah Brown, of Waverly. Messrs. Lucas, King and Dougherty were chosen as a Committee on Applications. Mr. Lucas made a few good remarks about the honor they had conferred upon him, and accepted the office of President.

After the election of officers we enjoyed ourselves greatly in conversation with each other. We then left the parlor and took a pleasant ramble around this city. On New Year's evening, feeling very hungry, we all went together into a saloon to take lunch. Every seat around the small table was taken by us. The table was covered with tempting food, and was well suited to our tastes. After eating our lunch and talking awhile, we returned to the depot and our party was soon homeward bound, and I bade the rest good by.

MEMBER.

—The Syracuse Standard says: A young lady organist of this city has been so severely poisoned by wearing red mittens that she is unable to play and will probably lose the nails from several of her fingers.

## A Surprise Party in Toronto.

On the evening of Thursday, the 6th of January, an event that is quite common with you in the States, but very rare in Canada among the mutes, took place at the residence of Mr. Richard Slater. It was nothing less than a surprise party, got up by the members of our infant Deaf-mute Young Men's Christian and Temperance Association as a mark of the respect and esteem in which Mr. and Mrs. Slater are held by the members generally, Mr. Slater being their corresponding secretary.

During the short time in which he has held that post in the Association he has done much to forward its interests and keep it alive, and at the same time he has endeared himself to all with whom he has come in contact in either his private or official capacity. Well, just as the clock struck eight p. m., in trooped the members, to the surprise of Mr. and Mrs. Slater, and deposited each his parcel of either fruit or cake, or any other edible, that each one's fancy prompted to buy, on the table, until there was a goodly pile, and the table fairly groaned under its toothsome burden. After welcoming each one with a hearty shake of the hand, Mr. and Mrs. Slater took them into another room and told them to enjoy themselves with what games their fancy dictated, while Mrs. Slater, in the meantime, prepared an excellent repast for them, and quickly had the table tastefully set with every delicacy that could be got on so short a notice at that late hour. All being in readiness, the road to the dining-room was shown, and each one took his partner's arm and led them to their seats. Before falling to the good things, Mr. John Ward, jr., and Mr. William Temple made a few observations on the esteem and affection in which they held Mr. and Mrs. Slater, and expressed the hope that they would long live to retain that esteem. Mr. Slater returned thanks on his own and his wife's behalf in feeling terms, and told them to be at "home" with all that was on the table.

After the repast, all enjoyed themselves in various ways until half-past one o'clock on Friday morning, when all separated highly delighted with the evening's proceedings; expressing a hope that this may not be the last surprise party amongst themselves.

ANDREW CLARK.

A. BURDETTE SMITH'S WORLD OF FASHION.—The January number of this model monthly fully justifies the claim of its publisher, in being superior to all other ladies' magazines in the following particulars: 1st. In the quality of its paper, its engravings and its printing. 2d. In the variety, quality and adaptation of its reading matter—especially in the common sense—and explicit fashion notes, hints and directions. 3d. In the fancy-work department; and fourthly, and chiefly, in its illustrations of the latest European and New York city styles. It is a welcome visitor to our sanctum, and is regarded by our "better half" as a companion which she cannot afford to do without. The subscription price is three dollars a year, with a premium. Address, A. Burdette Smith, 914 Broadway, New York.

## UNION SQUARE.

Last week was a busy one with us. Every team was pushed on with energy, hauling wood and logs.

Our respected neighbor, Judge Skinner has, for the past week, been dangerously sick, but we are glad to know that he is decidedly better.

Our Post Office, which has been under the care of Judge Skinner for over thirty years, has, by his own request, been removed to the store of B. Hartson, and is kept by him as Deputy Post-master under the Judge. It is due to Judge Skinner and his family to say that while they have been faithful to the Post Office Department, they have been courteous and obliging to all who have had business at this Post Office, and have earned the hearty thanks of the entire community.

The Union Square Cheese Factory has been leased for the coming season to Mr. George Davis. He is to manufacture our cheese and furnish for the same for one dollar and fifty cents per hundred pounds. This places the patrons of this factory on the same footing with our largest cheese factories. Mr. Davis has employed Mr. Hollis to make the cheese this season. Mr. H. was in his employ in this factory last season. The business and reputation of this factory are rapidly improving.

Last Sabbath was a pleasant winter's day. Weather mild and sleighing fine. Some went to church; some enjoyed the sleighing. Though there is no preaching at Colosse, the Sabbath School meets regularly, and with good success in maintaining its interest. An acceptable and faithful minister is very much needed in their midst. Rev. Mr. Sherwood, of Lewis Co., made then a short visit and his case in need of advice with a view to settle him as their pastor.

Many of the inhabitants east of Union Square are hauling stove wood to Mexico. They realize about fourteen shillings per cord. Certainly the Mexicans should not shiver with the cold when they can obtain plenty of good hard wood for that price.

H.  
Union Square, Jan. 17th, 1876.

—Mr. Charles F. Wright has resigned his position as teacher in District No. 8, and Mr. W. R. Alsever has taken his place. We understand Mr. Wright is going to the Eclectic Medical College at New York to attend lectures. We hope for his success in his chosen profession.

—Rev. W. L. Parker has taken a vacation of about three weeks, and will visit Boston, and other places during his absence.

—Sleighing used up.

## Officers of the State Grange.

The State Grange has elected the following officers, an decided to hold the next meeting in Albany, though the delegates were invited to Oswego:

Master—George D. Hinkley of Chautauque county.

Overseer—M. B. Riggs of Wayne county.

Lecturer—Guy Shaw of Yates county.

Treasurer—Jurian Winne of Albany county.

—Steward—George Houghton of Oswego county.

Assistant Steward—J. H. Lee of Oswego county.

Chaplain—Milton Rader of Cayuga county.

Secretary—W. A. Armstrong of Chemung county.

Gate-keeper—A. J. Potter of Oswego county.

Ceres—Mrs. A. Snedaker of Wayne county.

Pomona—Mrs. Wiggins of Jefferson county.

Flora—Mrs. Ralph Evans of Erie county.

Lady Assistant Steward—Mrs. Van Demark of Seneca county.

Thirty-eight counties were represented at this meeting, the Oswego county delegates being O. A. Snyder, James H. Lee, Mrs. Lee, Newton Hall, E. D. Chapman, A. J. Potter.

## A Sad Bereavement.

One of those sad cases of bereavement which seem to afflict the whole community and not simply the family where death enters, is the demise of Mrs. Cara Stebbins, wife of Rev. H. H. Stebbins, pastor of Grace Church of this city. She expired at 4 p. m. on Saturday last after an illness which had been long and painful, but which she has borne with more than angelic patience. For months the disease made its painful progress, but Mrs. Stebbins made no complaint, and, few even of her most intimate friends, knew of her sufferings.

She finally went to Brooklyn, in October last, to submit to an operation, which it was feared must prove fatal. After it had been successfully performed, however, she improved to such an extent that her friends began to entertain hopes of her ultimate recovery, and she returned to this city on the last day of December last. She immediately began to fail and her disease took such a form that it was seen at once that it must prove fatal, and she died as already stated, on Saturday last.

Mrs. Stebbins came with her husband to this city about two years ago from Riverdale, New York, and though a resident of our city but this brief time she has endeared herself not only to the members of the congregation of Grace Church, but to the community at large. She was of a retiring disposition, but possessed a character of loveliness which captivated all hearts, and she will be sadly missed.

She was a daughter of Hon. Joshua M. Van Cott, of Brooklyn. Her remains were taken east to-day at 11 a. m., after a brief service at the family residence in the morning at which Rev. Mr. Tully and Rev. Mr. Smith officiated.

The funeral services proper will be held in Brooklyn to-morrow, and the remains will be interred in Greenwood Cemetery.—Oswego Times, Monday.

STILL ANOTHER IMPROVEMENT.—The Palladium of Saturday came to us in an enlarged size and on fine paper; it looked very handsome, and was brimful of good things. It is to appear in the enlarged size every Saturday, so as to give more reading matter for Sunday. And we would here say that both the Palladium and the Times are now excellent papers—a credit to those who have the management of them—and deserve increased patronage. And may they, at least during this Centennial year, be as amiable and loving one toward the other as they are good-looking.

—The Watertown Times says: "The officers of the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg railroad are making arrangements to send a palace car from Watertown via Oswego, Auburn, and the Southern Central, to Philadelphia and return each day during the Centennial exhibition. The car will start from Watertown in the morning and arrive at Philadelphia at 10 o'clock in the evening. This is enterprise and will afford the people of Northern New York a splendid opportunity to visit the great exhibition comfortably, quickly and cheaply."

—At the next town meetings in this State, commencing next month, three auditors are to be elected in each town, whose duties will consist in auditing all town accounts. They are prohibited from holding any other office, and are to receive three dollars per day for their services. Two of these auditors are to be placed upon each ticket, and the three having the highest number of votes, will be chosen. This insures a representation from both political organizations in the Board.

FREE SUPPLY OF BROOK TROUT.—Seth Green, Superintendent of State Fisheries, writes: Young brook trout will be delivered free of expense at the New York State hatching house, Caledonia, after February 15, to all persons desiring them to stock public streams or ponds in this State; or they will be sent to any address on the parties paying the traveling expenses of a messenger to accompany them. Additional particulars can be obtained by addressing Superintendent Green at Rochester. It has been ordered that trout fishing be suspended for three years in Oswego county, this would be a good time to stock up the streams.

—Judge Huntington, of Pulaski, has a library of 7,000 volumes.

## News of the Week.

A severe shock of earthquake was felt at 12 o'clock Sunday night, at Chenoo, Maine.

A coasting accident occurred at Bangor, Me., on Saturday night, from the collision of two bob sleds. A number of boys and girls were seriously injured.

Edward Richardson, a prominent citizen of Massillon, Ohio, and member of the City Council, was shot and instantly killed by his wife, on Sunday. She says that her act was in self-defence, as he was approaching with the avowed purpose of cutting her throat with a razor.

About dark, Saturday, a tall man walked up to the door of the store of Belthasar Ott, 1,148 Fulton street, Brooklyn, and thrust a stout stick through the handle of the latch, fastening it tightly. He then kicked a pane of glass out of the window, seized two trays of rings, valued at \$250, and made off with them.

Several districts in England are again threatened with labor troubles, notably the weavers at Macclesfield, the colliers in North Wales, and the engineers in Kent.

If an inter-university race is rowed here this summer it cannot, by reason of the lateness of the Easter holidays and the consequent setting back of all the English fixtures, take place before the end of August.

In the Senate, Monday, a concurrent resolution was introduced proposing a common unity of account between Great Britain and the United States, by treaty, and by coining dollars, five of which shall equal an English pound.

In the House, a bill was introduced reducing the salaries of the President and legislative officers. A motion to suspend the rules and vote on the amnesty bill of White, of Kentucky, exempting Jeff. Davis, and an amendment striking out the exception, was lost, not two-thirds voting in the affirmative. A motion to suspend the rules on a resolution declaring that the resumption act should be repealed, and instructing the committee on banking and currency to report a bill to that effect, was lost, 112 to 158. A resolution was passed asking the President for all correspondence on the Cuban question; also instructing the committee on military affairs to inquire what military officers were or had been engaged in civil service.

Gen. G. T. Beauregard has applied to Congress for the removal of his political disabilities.

Kentucky democrats have nominated James B. Beck for United States Senator.

The temperance reform movement is making great progress in Maine.

The meeting of the democratic national committee is called at Washington, Feb. 22.

The railway ticket agents are unwilling to promise more than a 25 per cent. reduction in the centennialist's interest.

Mrs. Andrew Johnson died at Greenville, Tenn., Saturday night.

John Kelley has been re-chosen chairman of the Tammany executive committee.

The President has instructed the United States officials in Louisiana, to bring all offenders against national law to trial.

Harry Carl, aged eight, fell down stairs, Monday, and was fatally injured.

Six hundred weavers at Macclesfield, England, are locked out.

—The act to provide for the better care of paupers or destitute children went into effect on the first of January. It provides that no child over three and under sixteen years of age shall be committed to any county poorhouse of this State for vagrancy, truancy or disorderly conduct, unless the child be an unteachable idiot, an epileptic, or otherwise diseased or deformed. Children arraigned for such offenses hereafter are to be committed to some orphan asylum or other charitable or reformatory institution, taking care at the same time that they shall come under the spiritual supervision of the religious sect or denomination to which their parents belonged.

—One who was "there," given a long account in this week's Democrat, of the Origin of "How Pulaski was named." It appears that three several meetings were held by the voters of the town before the matter was decided. At the first meeting, "so many had indulged in the stimulant, which in those days was not criminal or unfashionable," that the company was two "noisy for business," and accordingly adjourned for a week. At the second meeting, the condition of the voters was no better, "about one-third of the number gloriously drunk," and the meeting adjourned for another week. At the "third meeting held in the evening a majority of votes cast were in favor of Pulaski!" as the name of the new village. After the matter was decided, the whole party gave themselves up to a general jollification, drinking and sporting until morning. The President was unable to leave the chair, and was found at his post "quietly sleeping" at daylight, with evidences of a "terrible struggle about him."

—The Central New York Eclectic Society has elected the following officers: President, H. A. Belles of Cortland; Vice President, J. N. Betts, of Pulaski; Secretary and Treasurer, T. L. Harris, of Cazenovia; Assistant Secretary, O. F. Lowmeyer, of Navarino; Board of Censors, J. N. Betts, C. Von Speigel, E. L. Baker, S. Millington, F. D. Gridley. Dr. Betts is on the committee on good of the society and is a delegate to the State society.

—It is, perhaps, worth remembering that on the 13th of January a robin was seen at Colosse by John M. Richardson, Esq., and other Colossians.

## The Orwell Murder.

In Oyer and Terminer, Tuesday morning, Mrs. Betsey Ann Greenfield, jointly indicted with her son, Nathan O. Greenfield, for the murder of the latter's wife, was brought into court. Mrs. Greenfield has been very sick ever since the murder, and is yet in a very weak condition. Her arrest under the indictment has been deferred until recently owing to her illness. She required assistance to enable her to get up stairs into the court room.

Judge Huntington, counsel for the Greenfields, moved that Mrs. Greenfield be admitted to bail, and the District Attorney assenting, bail was fixed at \$5,000, which was furnished, Ezra Bartlett of Edinburg, Saratoga county, and Hon. S. C. Huntington being the sureties.

The Greenfield murder case was then put over to an adjourned term of the Oyer and Terminer to be held in this city May 25th, especially for the purpose of the trial.

There are now eight pin factories in the United States which make 470,000,000 pins daily. In addition to these the importations of pins reach 25,000,000 daily. As all these are easily sold, it is safe to say that 72,000,000 of pins are lost daily, or 50,000 every minute. Where they all go to is the wonder.

A new town has been laid out in the Black Hills, about eighty miles northwest of Spring creek. Not only have the settlers found gulch diggings, but a number of very rich gold and silver leads have been opened. There are from 500 to 800 men at Ouster Park, who experience no trouble from the soldiers or Indians.

—According to the Watertown Times a number of single ladies in that town have already begun their leap year courting. The jewelry stores are doing a thriving business in selling engagement rings or the digits of gentlemen.

A stock company has been organized in Oswego for the manufacture of paper and paper utensils. It is organized by ex-Assemblyman Tremaine, of Manlius, and is to be known as the "Oswego Paper Company."

—The Syracuse Courier of Saturday says: "Lieut. Col. James S. Goodrich severs his connection with the Syracuse Standard to-day. He has accepted a position on the local department of the Oswego Times."

—The annual meeting of the Thousand Island Park Association was held at Watertown, on Tuesday of last week. It was decided to hold two meetings during the coming year, one in July and the other in August.

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